

GREAT NEW SERIAL, "THE MYSTERY HUSBAND" BEGINS ON MONDAY

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

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One Penny.

DIVORCE ACTION



Mrs. Elizabeth Fae Furness, whose petition against her husband, Mr. Tom Furness (inset), for restitution of conjugal rights was continued yesterday. Mr. Furness cross-petitions for divorce, alleging misconduct with Mr. Maurice Mouvet, the famous dancer. Evidence was given regarding bathing at Deauville.

DR. STOPES' LIBEL SUIT



Dr. Marie Stopes, the plaintiff.



Her husband, Mr. H. V. Roe.

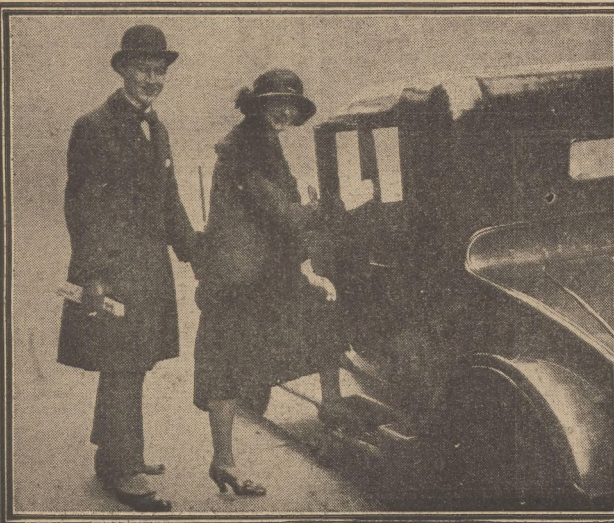
In the action for alleged libel brought by Dr. Marie Stopes against Dr. Halliday Sutherland and Messrs. Harding and More, Sir W. M. Bayliss said yesterday Dr. Stopes' books were an excellent source of instruction.

STAGE ASPIRANT



Lady Mercy Greville, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Warwick, who, aged nineteen, intends to take up a stage career. "Her identity," Lady Warwick announces, "will be concealed under a stage name, as she does not wish to use her position and title to secure a part." She has her parents' full consent, it was added.

WILLIAM WHITELEY'S GRANDDAUGHTER MARRIED



Mr. George Fred Moser and his wife, formerly Miss Nora Whiteley, only daughter of Mr. Frank Whiteley, of the famous stores and granddaughter of the late William Whiteley. Their marriage in July last has just been announced.

SURPRISE FOURTH CANDIDATE AT MITCHAM



Mr. John Thomas Catterall (centre), the Independent Conservative candidate at Mitcham, whose nomination yesterday was such a surprise, leaving after handing in his papers. The Health Minister is seeking election in this constituency.

"THE MYSTERY HUSBAND," OUR BRILLIANT NEW SERIAL, BEGINS ON MONDAY. ORDER YOUR COPY TO-DAY

MEDICAL PRAISE FOR DR. STOPES.

Guy's Specialist Compares Book to Bible.

SEX MYSTERIES.

Question of What Should be Told to Chi dren.

Evidence for Dr. Marie Stopes was concluded yesterday before the Lord Chief Justice and a special jury, and the defence was opened on behalf of Dr. Halliday G. Sutherland, whom she is suing for alleged libel in his book on birth control.

When Dr. Chapple, of Guy's Hospital, described the methods advocated by Dr. Stopes as harmless, and her books as teaching necessary knowledge, he was closely questioned by the Lord Chief Justice.

He declared that his experience in the hospital of the married misery caused by the ignorance of poor women convinced him that the question of birth control was one which would have to be faced.

In his opening speech for the defence, Mr. Charles, K.C., alluded to Dr. Stopes' writings as "a bundle of mischievous and dangerous lies from top to toe of the realm for the perusal of all and sundry, and for which the only excuse had been that all knowledge was good."

LORD CHIEF'S QUERIES.

Doctor's Reply: "Why Not Tell Poor What Rich Already Know?"

Dr. Harold Chapple, of Devonshire-street, W., and gynecologist at Guy's Hospital, stated that he had read Dr. Stopes' books and was conversant with the work carried on at her clinic. If the method of contraception advocated by her was used with an average degree of intelligence it was harmless. It had been known for many years, and could not be regarded as an experiment.

Mr. Ernest Charles, K.C. (for the defence), asked whether there was not a vast difference of opinion amongst doctors on question of the use of contraceptives, and Dr. Chapple said there was.

Mr. Charles: Many medical men think the use of contraceptives without medical advice is extremely unwise.—Dr. Chapple: I am not responsible for other people's opinions.

Decent people do not usually talk about contraception, do they?—What do you mean by "decent" people?

BIBLE PARALLEL.

Mr. Charles: Like members of the jury. Dr. Chapple: I hope I can be classed as decent, like the jury, and I disagree with you, for it has been widely discussed.

Do you think it wise to scatter to the poor broadcast the knowledge about these practices?—Why not tell the poor what the rich already know?

People who were of age should read Dr. Stopes' "Married Love." I have a heart interested in sex problems it was better that they should get their knowledge from a beautifully-written book than from sordid volumes.

"If you take the Bible," added Dr. Chapple, and examine it you will find chapters which you would not give to a child to read."

"Do you seriously compare the great Book with this volume on 'Married Love'?—I am seriously putting forward a parallel that you cannot get any more harm from a manual of 'Married Love' than you could get from, say, the 20th Chapter of Leviticus.

MISERY OF POOR WOMEN.

The Lord Chief Justice said the doctor had laid stress upon the immense value of knowledge. Knowledge was acquired by illustrations in some works, and he advocated the use of illustrations in Dr. Stopes' books?

Dr. Chapple replied that he would if they were necessary. The truth could never do harm.

Addressing the Judge, Dr. Chapple said a person at Guy's Hospital, had he a heart of stone, could not but be touched by the misery of some poor women and feel bound to help them.

"We are not dealing with hearts of stone or gold," replied the Judge, "but a simple, plain question. Let it be granted that it is desirable, with good taste and a right purpose, to teach the young the mysteries of sex, and for social purposes, it is desirable to teach married women about contraceptives, what is the point of mixing the two things up in a book?"

"How can you separate one from the other?" Dr. Chapple replied.

The Judge: "The would you say a wise father or prudent mother who taught their children something of sex with a righteous purpose must also talk about the use of contraceptives?—Dr. Chapple: If they were dealing with the matter as a whole, they would."

Sir William Maddock Bayliss, Professor of Physiology at the University College, London, described Dr. Stopes' books as an excellent instance of insurance given in a noble way.

Dr. Jane Lorimer Hawthorne, M.B. of 150, Harley-street, W., said she gave her services at Dr. Stopes' Holloway clinic. Dr. Stopes' books, in her opinion, helped people to understand married relations.

Adjourned till Tuesday.

RADIO PRIZES.

"Daily Mirror's" Offer for Broadcasting Programmes.

SEND YOUR ENTRY NOW.

What is your ideal Broadcasting programme? Sit down and write one, and you may win a substantial prize.

In view of the increasing interest which everybody is taking in wireless telephony, *The Daily Mirror* has decided to offer the following prizes for the best "listening-in" evening's entertainment—

First Prize	£25
Second Prize	10
Third Prize	5

What every competitor should aim at is a programme that is varied, interesting and entertaining, and at the same time not too expensive to be practicable.

Programmes should be sent in at once addressed to *The Editor, Daily Mirror*, 23-29, Bowry-street, E.C.4. In the left-hand top corner of the envelope should be written "Broadcasting." The competition closes by the first post of March 2.

The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final and legally binding in every way. [Other Broadcasting news on page 6.]

SPORTING GEORGE IV.

Famous Races Recalled by Sale of Pictures at Christie's.

Stirring episodes in the history of the Turf were depicted in several striking subjects during a sale of old pictures at Christie's yesterday. The outstanding canvases were by J. N. Sartorius and told of George IV.'s connection with racing when he was Prince of Wales.

The first picture showed the Prince's Baronet King, Bartons Express, Lord Barrymore's Chanticleer and Lord Grosvenor's Skylark for the Outlands Stakes at Ascot on June 28, 1791.

Another canvas depicted Mr. Fox's Seagull beating the Prince of Wales' Escape for the Outlands Stakes at Ascot in 1790. This picture caused the Prince's retirement from the Turf, as the Jockey Club stated that if he continued to employ Sam Chifney, his jockey, no gentleman would run against him.

Both pictures—the Baronet's Victory and the Escape's Defeat went for twenty-seven guineas each.

WOMAN'S DEATH RIDDLE.

Doctor and Analyst Baffled by Symptoms Like Gas Poison.

The mystery of the death of Emma Chapman, a young unmarried woman who died suddenly after her doctor had prescribed medicine and a gargle for a simple sore throat was not solved at the adjourned inquest at Nottingham yesterday.

The doctor who conducted the post-mortem had stated that Miss Chapman's hands and arms were red as from gas poisoning, but there was no gas in her room.

Yesterday the city analyst said he had found a small quantity of quinine in the stomach, but no poison. The medicine contained a harmless quantity of quinine, and the gargle was a harmless hypochlorite preparation. A verdict of Death due to acute toxemia was returned.

£7,000 FILM CONTEST.

Handsome Prizes Offered for Amateur Critics of Cinema Shows.

A widespread popular appeal has been made by the *Sunday Pictorial* £7,000 film contest announced last week.

The competition consists simply of selecting from a list of twenty films twelve which the competitor considers best and placing them in order according to merit.

Seven thousand pounds is offered in prizes. The first prize of £3,000 will be awarded to the

To-night's Broadcasting programmes will be found on page 15. Do not miss Monday's "Daily Mirror," which will contain the first of a series of important articles on wireless by Professor A. M. Low, the scientific expert. Professor Low's articles will make a special appeal to women. If you want to keep abreast of wireless progress read "The Daily Mirror."

competitor whose coupon most nearly coincides with the news note of all the competitors.

After deducting the prize money all the proceeds of the competition will be devoted to the funds of the British Legion, an institution which has done magnificent work amongst ex-servicemen.

The entrance fee is only 1s., and the coupon and full details of the competition will be published in to-morrow's *Sunday Pictorial*.

Midshipman Prince—Prince Nicolas of Russia will join the Benbow on March 6 as a midshipman.

NEWPORT MYSTERY.

Inquest on Mrs. Morgan May Last Two Days.

ARSENIC REPORT.

From Our Special Correspondent.

Newport (Mon.), Friday. The inquest on Mrs. Jenny Morgan, the wife of a Newport butcher, whose death a few weeks ago led to certain organs of the body being submitted to an analytical examination, will be resumed on Tuesday.

I understand that the proceedings may extend over a couple of days, and that some of the evidence may present remarkable features.

Scotland Yard detectives, who at the invitation of the Chief Constable were brought down here to help the local police to try and solve the riddle of the woman's death, are carrying on a series of active inquiries.

The analyst's report is now complete, and I hear that the tests point conclusively to the fact that the cause of death was arsenical poisoning.

The question which the coroner's jury will have to decide is how arsenic got into the woman's system.

The idea of suicide is not entertained for a moment by the husband and other relatives.

Further, it is understood that arsenic did not enter into the medicine prescribed for her by her medical man.

V.C. GENERAL FREED.

Release of British Officers Who Were Captured by Lithuanians.

Information has reached the British Government that General Sirton de Wint, V.C., and Major Grant, the two British officers attached to our Mission to Warsaw, who were captured by Lithuanian irregulars, have been released.

STORM FIEND'S TOLL.

Two Ships Lost Off Portland—Skipper Drowns While Men Cramber on Rocks.

Two vessels foundered in Portland Breakwater on Thursday night in the gale, and Captain Mitchell, of Gloucester, of the ketch Phoenix, was drowned.

The tide and cook clambered on to the rocks and were saved. Mitchell leaves a widow and six children at Redruth.

The steamer Craigside, of Swansea, also foundered, but the crew of eleven were saved by a seaman who swam to the breakwater with a life-line.

There was a heavy hailstorm, with thunder, at Dover yesterday.

Despite the snow and frost, however, in other parts of the country, there is an apple tree in full bearing at Buckleigh Farm, near Deal. With a rainfall of 2 in., this February is the wettest since 1916.

LUCKY "BLUE EYES"

Child, for Whom There Is Fortune, To Be Chosen from Dozen "Probables."

The task of finding a blue-eyed boy aged four (preferably Scottish), for whom a Canadian woman doctor promises unlimited wealth, has been in Commander Lamb, of the Salvation Army, being flooded with replies.

Yesterday he was found busy indexing offers (over 200) of babies received from different parts of the country. The first post brought him a big batch of letters from all sorts of parents eager to part with their offspring.

By the second post, he said, he expected more replies from Scotland.

The Commissioner said probably about a dozen babies would be selected finally, and the lucky one would go to Canada with one of the groups of emigrants regularly sent over by the Salvation Army.

"MY SINS ON CHILDREN."

Story of Written Confession by Woman Accused of Triple Murder.

When charged yesterday with murdering her three children at Driffield by drowning them in a bath, Mrs. Grace Castle, the wife of a brewer's manager, sat in the dock in tears.

"I was staid by a maid that Mrs. Castle said: 'I have done it for the best, because my sins are on the children.'"

She then asked to be given a book in which she had written an explanation of what she had done. This book was produced, and the written statements in it placed on the depositions, but they were not read in court.

FATHER VAUGHAN'S £700 WILL.

Father Bernard Vaughan, of Farm-street Church, Mayfair, left estate in his own disposition of the gross value of £710.

WHAT DANCER'S VALET SAW.

Hairpin Story in Divorce Court Action.

BATHROOM VIGIL.

Wife's Alleged Addiction to Drugs and Drink.

A famous dancer's valet yesterday gave evidence in the Divorce Court, before Mr. Justice Hill, in a case in which his employer is cited as co-respondent.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fae Furness, formerly a film actress, mentioned against her husband, Mr. F. S. Furness, a cousin of Viscount Furness, for restitution.

Mr. Furness cross-petitioned for a divorce, alleging his wife's misconduct with Maurice Monvet, a professional dancer known as Maurice.

Mr. Furness further claimed that he was justified in not living with his wife owing, he said, to her drinking and drug habits.

HELPED OUT OF CAR.

Chauffeur's Tale of Merriness After a Night Out.

Maurice's valet, Newnham, was cross-examined by Sir Ellis Hume-Williams, K.C., on his statement that he had found black hairpins in his employer's bed at the Piccadilly Hotel.

Sir Ellis asked if Mr. Maurice was not in the habit of having women up to tea with him in his room.

Newnham replied that he thought it was always the same woman.

Sir Ellis then asked whether he did not know that Mrs. Furness' hair was fair, and that she wore it bobbed; also that she was wearing her hair bobbed at the time when Maurice was dancing at the Piccadilly Hotel.

Sir Ellis: Do you know that she does not use hairpins, and that in no circumstances would she have used only black hairpins, as her hair is fair?—I did not use a magnifying glass to look at them.

Newnham also stated that, from the bathroom, he had seen a woman in his employer's room, and had afterwards seen Mrs. Furness leave it.

According to you, you made two attempts at escape from the bathroom where you were. Why did you not walk out into the lobby and then into the corridor?—Because I did not want to disturb them in any way.

But they were in the next room?—Yes, with the door open.

I suppose Mr. Maurice knew you were in the bathroom?—No, I do not think he did.

Edward John Poulter, chauffeur, said he drove both Mr. and Mrs. Furness. After being out at night he noticed that Mrs. Furness was inclined to be merry.

What do you mean?—That she had had drink.

In answer to the Judge, witness said sometimes Mrs. Furness was so much the worse for drink that he had to help her into the house.

Sir Ellis: Mr. Furness said that he had seen you, but I have never seen him unable to look after himself, and I have never had to help him in and out of the car.

You have seen him when he had had too much?—Yes, but he could carry some more. (Laughter.)

He could carry more than his wife?—I would not like to gamble. (Laughter.)

You never saw anything wrong between Maurice and Mrs. Furness?—No, sir.

The hearing was adjourned until Tuesday.

OTHER NEWS IN BRIEF.

Weather Forecast.—Continuing generally unsettled. Lighting-up time to-day is 6.22 p.m.

Operation on Marshall.—Marshall Lyant is in hospital at Fox and Lion.

Telephone Official Dead.—Mr. Arthur Martin, late inspector of telephone and telegraph traffic at London headquarters, has died.

"Make Germany Pay."—A "Support France and Make Germany Pay" demonstration will be held in Trafalgar Square on Wednesday at 3 p.m.

Arrested to Get Sober.—Edgar Goaker, jobmaster, of Ashford, who was fined 10s. yesterday for being drunk, was stated to have said that he welcomed arrest in order to get sober.

Asbes Burial at Sea.—The body of Commander Richard Lancelot, late commander of the *U. S. O. liners*, was cremated at Golders Green yesterday, and the ashes will be buried at sea.

Sentence of death was passed at Durham Assizes yesterday on Daniel Cassidy, sixty, a blacksmith, who shot dead Bernard Quinn, his son-in-law, who was playing a melodeon at his fireside.

Without Stain.—Fred Ruddy, a packer, was found not guilty at the Old Bailey yesterday on a charge of assault, and the Recorder said Ruddy left the court without a stain on his character.

FRENCH PRECAUTIONS AGAINST GERMAN ATTACK

Secret Military Organisation Believed To Be Plotting for Ruhr Revolt.

£10,000,000 LOAN CAMOUFLAGED WAR CHEST

Customs' Officials Dismissed—500 Expulsions and 270 Arrests Since Franco-Belgian Occupation.

While Germany continues to protest against the "illegality" of the Ruhr occupation, France is on her guard against a surprise attack.

There is evidence that Berlin is laying plans to intensify the policy of resistance, and that the new £10,000,000 international loan is really intended to be a camouflaged "war chest." Replaced police have been promised an indemnity. Precautions are being taken against the possibility of a secret military organisation reinforcing German regular troops for an attack on the Franco-Belgian army.

First steps were taken yesterday to replace the German Customs officials by Allied staffs throughout the Ruhr. Nearly 500 expulsions and 270 arrests have been made since the French occupation.

BERLIN'S NEW PLAINT TO MITCHAM AS COCK-PIT OF EUROPEAN POWERS.

Ruhr Resistance Hardens—Indemnity for Police.

500 EXPULSIONS.

The German Government, cables Reuter from Berlin, has addressed to all the Powers which signed the Peace Treaty, except France and Belgium, and also to the non-signatory States a memorandum directed against the "illegality" of the Franco-Belgian action in the Ruhr.

The *Soir* (quoted by the Exchange) publishes in Brussels a report from Bexin stating that prolonged resistance to the military occupation is still being organised by Germany, and in French circles it is rumoured that the internal loan of 200,000,000 gold marks (£10,000,000) is to be used solely for this purpose.

The German Government is stated to be solidly supported by the employers' associations in the Rhineland and Westphalia, and most of the workmen's syndicates, in a scheme for providing unemployment pay for such workmen as are being thrown out of employment by reason of their resistance to the French occupation.

A DANGEROUS GAME.

A Dusseldorf message says the police are becoming more and more the principal instrument of resistance. They are distributing pamphlets for the "Young Germany," a new nationalist society.

An indemnity of 200,000 marks is promised by the Reich to all policemen who are replaced, and municipalities have been warned that those who work with or for the Franco-Belgians will not share in the indemnity.

The *Echo de Paris* (quoted by Reuter) says: "In French military circles the possibility of the formation, in violation of the Treaty, of a German military organisation to reinforce the activities of the Reichswehr is taken seriously. Attention is also being given to the possibility that the German Government may endeavour to engineer an isolated attack on a portion of the occupying troops in order to cause an incident calculated to lead to foreign intervention."

FIRM FRENCH MEASURES.

"That is not altogether an impossibility, but the German Government would be playing a very dangerous game."

"The contingency has already been reckoned with at French headquarters, and every precaution has been taken."

Since the Franco-Belgian advance into the Ruhr 395 persons have been summarily expelled, ninety-seven arrested and later expelled, 270 arrested and sixteen removed from office, states Reuter.

The French announce that although they are taking over the French Customs, the German officials may remain if they are willing to collaborate.

French soldiers were attacked at Bochum by a crowd, which, refusing to disperse, was fired on, one German being killed.

GETTING THE GOODS.

French Hope That British Will Pass Forty Trains Weekly.

M. Le Troquer declares that traffic on the Rhine is again normal, averaging 2,500 tons daily, says an Exchange Paris telegram.

The Cologne negotiations are progressing satisfactorily, and it is hoped that Britain will permit the passage of forty trains weekly.

Three trucks of metallurgical products, thirty-five trucks of manufactured goods, one locomotive and 107 empty trucks were stopped and sent back by the French authorities, says a Reuter Dusseldorf message.

The French authorities have sent three trains of coal to France and two to Belgium, five to Holland and two to Switzerland. Five barges containing cereals have also left.

MITCHAM AS COCK-PIT OF RENTS BATTLE.

Why Government Is Holding Up Restriction Bill.

BY-ELECTION SURPRISE.

Mitcham is to be the cockpit in which the next stages of the great "Battle of the Rents" will be fought, the Government having decided that hand-to-hand combat in the Commons is, at present, too perilous.

Although the Cabinet has already decided on its policy—decontrol of upper and middle-class houses next year—the Rent Restriction Bill is to be kept back until Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, the zealous Health Minister, has fought his by-election at Mitcham.

Interest in the contest there—already high—was enhanced yesterday by the surprise appearance of a fourth candidate, Mr. John Thomas Catterall, an Independent Conservative.

WHAT OPPOSITION WANTS.

While the Health Minister and his three opponents are fighting out the rent battle in Surrey, every effort will be made in the Commons to compel the Government to define its policy in the House.

Mr. Catterall is to raise the question on the adjournment—probably on Monday—and Labour is also preparing an attack.

What is sought is an undertaking that decontrol shall not be carried out until a certain number of new houses have been built.

It is pointed out that the Government's optimistic view that many more houses will be ready by next summer is not justified by conditions in the building trade.

Many politicians believe control of prices of building material to be the first essential step.

Meanwhile, the official answer to all inquiries is that the Rent Restriction Bill is not ready.

LAST-HOUR CANDIDATE.

Independent Conservative Who Says, "Leave Mesopotamia and Help France."

Mr. Catterall's nomination at Mitcham yesterday came with the unexpectedness of a thunder-clap on a summer's day.

The other three candidates—Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen (Conservative), Lieutenant Ernest Brown (Liberal) and Mr. J. Chuter Ede (Labour)—had already been nominated, when Mr. Catterall drove up to the Vestry Hall in a motor-car.

The eleven-hour candidate is a City textile merchant, who lives at Milton-road, Wallington. Mr. Catterall is to make a firm stand against the Health Minister on the housing question. He opposes the Government plan for decontrol of middle-class property, and was simply "a He is also strongly in favour of Britain clearing out of Mesopotamia and Palestine as quickly as possible, and of the Government supporting France's action in the Ruhr."

As an ex-Serviceman, Mr. Catterall said last night, he was strongly in favour not only of the occupation of the Ruhr, but of the whole of Germany.

"We should," he added, "get at their wealth at its source. Every Customs house in Germany should be under our supervision. There is no doubt that Germany has money, not only in her own country, but hidden away in other countries. She has opened credits all over the world."

"Reparations should be exacted to the uttermost farthing. Germany does not want time. She wants eternity. She is just as tricky and delusive as in 1914."

"Treachery to Party."—Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, who had a mixed reception at Collier's Wood last night, referred to the nomination of Mr. Catterall, saying that a man should stand as an Independent if he was simply "an act of treachery to the Conservative Party and to the Conservative Government." In spite of the intervention of "a treacherous Conservative" against him, he was going to win, said Sir Arthur.



Mr. Tom Mann, who is reported to have been prevented from taking his seat at the Old Bailey owing to an attack of influenza.



Mr. Justice Coleridge, who is reported to have been prevented from taking his seat at the Old Bailey owing to an attack of influenza.

SEVEN HURT IN STATION COLLISION AT CARDIFF.

Rear Coach Telescoped and Compartments Wrecked.

DEBRIS BLOCKS LINE.

Seven people were injured—five not seriously—in a train collision last night at Riverside Station, Cardiff.

As a train to Barry was beginning to draw out of the station another train bound for Rhondda came into collision with it.

An escape was thrown up, and a fireman, compartments were totally wrecked and the line was blocked for several hours.

Two passengers—Reginald Price, of Cardiff, and Captain J. M. Parker, of Dinas Powis, were badly injured.

BIG WAREHOUSES BLAZE.

Firemen's Strenuous Fight to Save Adjoining Property.

Considerable damage was done yesterday to a large block of warehouses in Cardiff in one of the biggest fires that has occurred in Cardiff in recent years.

Starting in the basement, the flames spread with such rapidity that, although the brigade was on the scene in a few minutes, there was no hope of saving the building.

The firemen fought heroically to check the spread of the flames to surrounding buildings. After two attempts, managed to fix the hose to the top of the escape, but when it had been in play some minutes the top of the escape caught fire, and the man who ascended to take the hose off came down with his clothes smothered with burning debris.

DE VALERA STILL FREE.

Free State's Surprise Capture of Council of Seven of I.R.A.

An official denial was issued yesterday in Dublin of the rumoured capture of De Valera and Liam Lynch, the rebel leaders.

It is officially confirmed that the Council of Seven of the Dublin Irregular Brigade were captured at a meeting in Phibsborough, Dublin.

John Lynch, brother of Liam Lynch, the irregulars' chief of staff, was arrested at Charleville and taken to Limerick Gaol.

Bessborough House, the mansion of the Earl of Bessborough, at Pilltown, near Carrick-on-Suir, has been burned to the ground.

Desart Court, the Irish residence of the Earl of Desart, has also been burned by armed men and almost completely destroyed.

16 DEAD IN FIRE.

Building Collapses Soon After Outbreak Is Discovered.

KANSAS CITY, Friday.

It is believed that sixteen persons perished in a fire which destroyed a boarding-house here to-day.

Thirteen bodies have been recovered. The building collapsed fifteen minutes after the alarm had been sounded.—Reuter.

HOT "WASH" FLOOD.

Man Scalded by Liquid from Burst Vat That Swamped Houses.

A vat containing 1,000 gallons of hot "wash" burst on the premises of the Distillers Company, Ltd., at Glasgow, yesterday, and flooded a shop and three dwelling-houses.

A young man had his feet scalded and a young woman had to be medically attended for shock.

GENERAL MACKENSEN'S NEW ARMY.

Numerous German staff officers, it is reported from Reval, have gone to Moscow where General Mackensen is said to have organised an army consisting mainly of German and Austrian prisoners of war.

DICK TURPIN AS A FURNITURE MOVER.

Wisbech Spiritualists Lay Farm Ghost.

LONDON SEARCHER.

Expert Whose Report May Be a 50 Years' Secret.

From Our Special Correspondent.

WISBECH, Friday.

While the rain poured down in torrents on the haunted farm at Gorefield last night, a seance conducted by the local spiritualists took place inside it.

Mr. Joseph Scrimshaw, although he has often expressed his disbelief in spiritualism, consented to a seance being held, in order to make every effort to clear up the mystery of the jumping furniture.

The local spiritualists were Mr. Hugh Racey, of Emneth, Mr. Henry Stimpson and Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. They asked if they might sing a hymn. Then Mr. Stimpson stood up and requested the "Higher Powers" to communicate with us. We received no message.

THE SPIRITS ARRIVE.

Mr. Stimpson then shut his eyes and saw a couple of spirits hovering round one of the party.

Apart from the mortals in the room there were at least half a dozen spirits, for two were discovered near Mr. Scrimshaw's chair and two near another member of the party.

One was a woman and the other was a tall, dark man with very black hair, clean-shaven, and of ruddy complexion, who was wearing bandages round his head.

This apparition, which was seen by the three male members of the spiritualists' party, is suspected of being the spirit who has been upsetting Mr. Scrimshaw's furniture.

According to Mr. Racey, the same spirit used to ride a magnificent coal black mare when alive, and when I asked Mr. Scrimshaw this morning if he thought it was the ghost of Dick Turpin, he said, "It must be."

Before leaving, Mr. Taylor told Mr. Scrimshaw that there would be no more manifestations.

NO THEORY.

This afternoon Mr. Dingwall, a representative of the London Psychological Research Society, arrived at the farm and made copious notes in a very large notebook.

I accompanied him while he searched each room and asked Miss Olive Scrimshaw (Mr. Scrimshaw's daughter) various questions as to when and how the stoneware and grantepples and other articles of furniture had "frolicked."

Hoping that Mr. Dingwall had found some solution to the mystery, I asked him if he had arrived at any conclusion.

"No," he said, "I have not. This case has all the characteristics I expected, and I think that Olive is probably a medium. I have not considered Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's letter, and I have not any theory of my own."

"When do you think you will be able to expound a theory?" I asked.

"I shall make a secret report to my society, which may not be published for fifty years," replied Mr. Dingwall.

FOX ON DOORMAT.

Captured Alive in Reading House—"Kill" in Garage.

Hotly pursued by the South Berks Hunt, a fox entered a house in London-road, Reading, and, after being prevented from going upstairs, was about to make itself at home on the doormat when one of the runners of the hunt arrived.

Reynard was captured alive, and when freed again it took refuge in a neighbouring garage, where the hounds effected a kill.

"ANTIQUES" CASE ENDS.

Referee's Decision Reserved After Twenty-Five Days' Hearing.

The £100,000 antique furniture case—which has lasted twenty-five days—was concluded yesterday.

Sir Edward Pollock, the High Court Official Referee, reserved judgment and said he would give his decision on Tuesday.

The legal expenses in the case are estimated to amount to £30,000.

The action was brought by Mr. Adolphe Shrager, of Westgate-on-Sea, against Messrs. Dighton, Ltd., antique dealers, of Savile-row, and two directors, to recover £25,000 paid for antique furniture, some of which was alleged to be bogus. There was a counter-claim against Mr. Shrager for balance of payment due.

SPARROWS' STRANGE NEST.

An old railway ticket, a three-halfpenny stamp, a safety pin, a piece of pencil, the finger of a kid glove, half a cigarette, a small buckle and nearly half a yard of bandage.

These were some of the materials used by sparrows to build a nest in the Cleveland district of Yorkshire.

Children's Dress

BERTHES AND KERCHIEFS—ALSO EGYPTIAN DESIGNS.

I SHALL not be one bit surprised if we find the finest serges still fight hard with rep for the frocks of to-morrow in the nursery, and have taken to themselves tiny ruchings round neck and hip of ribbon—multi-coloured ribbon sometimes, and at others just of two colours.

THE BERTHE.

The new fashion for deep berthes gives the economical mother all sorts of chances for making her girl's frocks pretty at a little cost. The berthes can be detachable, so that one of the materials can be worn for every-day occasions, just lightly embroidered, or scalloped and stitched round, and for more important times berthes of net and lace, with modillions of silk, can be snapped on with the ever-to-be-blessed press studs.

OUT OF ODDMENTS.

The oddment bag will be very useful for those tiny berthes or collarettes, since a very little bit of net and lace and merest scrap of flowered ribbon will fashion one.

TASSELS.

The little girl of the moment must have a tasselled hat. I saw Lady Titchfield's two little girls, Lady Anne and Lady Margaret Cavendish-Bentinck, out the other morning in panne velvet hats with loose crowns and small brims, and both had long tassels set to hang on the right side, but falling from the centre of the crown. Little silk turbans of many colours are trimmed in the same way.



Egyptian colourings and designs on silk or crepe make delightful insets on this schoolgirl frock.

SIMPLICITY.

Children will not mind changing their school frocks for house frocks if you make the latter attractive—and it's easy enough. The simpler the frock the better; allow plenty of room in them and make them of some pretty colour—that is the secret. Children love colour.

AN ALTERNATIVE.

If it's really necessary to make the children wear out old frocks indoors strip them of old trimmings, simplify the cut of them and give them jolly bindings and pockets of cretonne. The pockets should be real big patch pockets.

A HAIR HINT.

The pull-on hat is comfy for children—but not always good for the hair. Remember the mites need air and sun to their heads, just as we do. Don't let their hats be tight enough to stop ever so little the free circulation of the blood in the scalp.

BASKET WORK.

The open-work straw hat will soon be with us again. Remember that if you buy one in a plain colour you can give it a touch of dye here and there that will give it an originality. Just a soft silk ribbon, not just round the crown, but tied in a bow on one side of the brim with hanging ends, is sufficient trimming.



"These patent shoes look much better since they've been cleaned with that WHITE Cherry Blossom Boot Polish."

CHERRY BLOSSOM BOOT POLISH

BRILLIANT, PRESERVATIVE AND WATERPROOF

Selling in Black, Brown, Dark Tan, Deep Tone, Tonette, and White for patent leathers.

In 1½d., 2½d., 4½d. and 6½d. Tins.

MANSION POLISH

is the superior wax preparation which gives such a rich finish to Furniture, Stained or Parquet Floors and Linoleum.
Sold in Tins 4d., 7½d., 1/- and 1/9.



"Weather wisdom"

When wintry weather is against you, "ATORA" is for you.

Experienced parents keep the children warm and well by selecting food that builds-up resistance against adverse weather conditions.

There is nothing like good puddings to generate warmth and comfort. "Atora" Beef Suet makes good puddings. There is no part of a meal so well calculated to "stand by" the children, satisfy their growing needs, and yet keep up full energy and vitality in the long sessions of the morning and afternoon school. Science tells us that growth is due to vitamins and suet—"Atora" is the best—is one of the richest of all vitamine-containing food substance.

'ATORA'
HUGON'S
BEEF SUET

is sold only in packets by all Grocers.

1-lb 1/4d. ½-lb. 8½d. ¼-lb. 4½d. Small pkt. 2½d.

"ATORA" Recipes. Send a postcard to-day for the "Atora" Booklet of nearly 100 tested recipes for puddings, pies, savouries, etc.

HUGON & CO., Ltd., — The originators of refined Beef Suet, — MANCHESTER.



The proof of the pudding is the hot Bird's Custard sauce.

The proof of Bird's Custard is that "there is no pudding left on the plate."

When it is pudding day—and for growing children it should often be pudding day—

BIRD'S CUSTARD

served as Hot Sauce doubles the enjoyment.

Bird's Custard makes even a plain pudding delicious; not only steamed puddings, but every kind of rice, tapioca, or sago puddings.

"The wisest course, the greatest treat, serve Bird's Custard with every sweet."

Cadbury's
ALSO WITH NUTS
Milk Chocolate
"MAXIMUM FOOD VALUE" **1/3** HALF POUND BLOCK
"YOU CAN TASTE THE CREAM"



BOURNVILLE 1/3
Chocolate HALF LB. BLOCK
FINEST PLAIN CHOCOLATE OBTAINABLE

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate

Daily Mirror

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1923.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

CERTAIN rural enthusiasts in a Cumberland village have been reviving the old debate about the relative advantages of town and country life.

At the same time, a well-known American doctor has been examining our urban faces, in order to see how nerve strain is affecting the traffic dodgers of a big modern city.

The doctor appears to have come to the conclusion that the strain is less than is usually supposed.

Given tolerable food and housing, the Londoner need not fear that City life means short life, or imagine that all the centenarians live in damp country cottages discussing the neighbours and the weather. Boredom kills no less often than excitement. The ideal life, no doubt, would be to mingle appropriate doses of the two.

And this very largely is what we try to do in an age of easy communications.

Country-dwellers drift towards town. Town-dwellers seek week-end cottages in the country. There is a mingling of the two classes, or kinds of life.

In fact, may we not reasonably ask if real country life exists any longer? Now that we have wireless, and gramophones, and village cinemas, and charabancs? Town or country?—the alternative hardly presents itself. Most of us manage to secure a taste of both.

A GREAT ENGLISHMAN.

CHRISTOPHER WREN "who lived above ninety years, not for himself, but for the public good. Reader, if you seek his monument, look about you."

So runs the epitaph of one of the greatest of Englishmen whose bicentenary falls during this week-end.

Only the still greater Leonardo da Vinci can be compared with Wren in universality of intelligence, in selfless devotion to art.

Like Leonardo, Wren was not an artist only, but also inventor, inquirer, scientist, experimentalist, mathematician. There was hardly anything in the way of knowledge that lay outside his range.

He had a large share in the invention of the barometer. He was responsible for many advances in astronomy. He devised "pneumatic machines, weather-clocks, anatomical models." He was Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, President of the Royal Society. A prodigy of universal science! as his friend Evelyn described him.

Wren was indeed even greater as a man than as an architect.

Few of his extant buildings give to the trained eye the sense of achieved perfection.

He was hampered in the execution of many of them, certainly. But even so it may be said that his designs and decoration seldom give us a satisfied sense of inevitability. A certain learned artificiality, an effect of composite "arrangement" belongs perhaps to the ideas he sought to apply. And had his great plan for the New London of his time been unrestrictedly carried out, we should have had a City of straight lines, much more beautiful, indeed, than the showy haussmannised Paris of the nineteenth century, but having some of its essential limitations.

But these are minor qualifications of the praise due to one who laboured for eternity.

Let us celebrate his festival by "looking about us" and trying to preserve what Twentieth Century vandalism threatens to destroy amongst his works. W. M.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

Set all your faults before your own eyes, and pass sentence upon yourself with the same severity you would upon any other for whom no partiality hath blessed your judgment.—St. Bernard.

THROUGH "THE MIRROR."

In the Ruhr—Middle-class Houses and "Decontrol"—Wives Who Earn Their Living—Religion, Ancient and Modern.

FRANCE AND GERMANY.

PRESIDENT MILLERAND has said the true thing about the service the Ruhr occupation has already afforded the world. It has "shown the world Germany's secret plans." Those plans are certainly being continued as far as mark-manipulation is concerned. France acts openly, Germany secretly. Which is the more honourable form of action? The Boltons. R. JENNINGS.

THE HOUSING MUDDLE.

MANY of your readers may think I exaggerate, but I feel pretty sure that it is their rent decontrol jugglery that will bring the Government to grief—if they are not very careful to speak out and to speak plainly soon. If there is a pretty sudden decontrol, ex-

MYSTERY HOUSES.

GHOSTS who throw furniture about have generally a very ordinary physical explanation, in the person of some individual fond of foolish pranks. I have no doubt that the "Fen fiend" will also be found to have an equally simple explanation. SOLUTION.

MARRIED PARTNERS.

A GREAT friend of mine is married to a very charming young woman who has her own business of dressmaking and lingerie. They both leave home together in the morning. They arrive home in the evening about the same time and sit down to a jolly little dinner prepared by a very trusty maid who cleans and looks after the flat all day. Very seldom do they

WOND'ERS OF WIRELESS: OR THE WORLD MADE ON?



Even the far-off traveller will perhaps be able to hear the cuckoo at home, at this time of year, and therefore be able to write to us about it as usual.

cised with discrimination against the middle classes, I can only say that the lives of thousands of honest people will be made intolerable. As it is, those classes are taxed to death.

AN ANXIOUS TENANT.

SIGNED BUILDINGS.

EVERY modern building in Paris bears the name of its architect, inscribed on a clearly visible portion of the facade. By this means, the man cannot be separated from his achievement.

If he has produced a true work of art his name is honoured by the beholder.

AN ART STUDENT.

TUT-ANKH AMEN.

MAY I point out to "Disguised Onlooker" he is making two serious mistakes when he states that an irreligious present is coming face to face with a religious past in the case of the Egyptian excavations? It is true that nearly all the ancients were religious. But it is also true that the Egyptian religion was mainly one of superstition. Fear was the chief persuasion with its adherents.

Secondly, men of to-day have reached a standard of higher ethics. Although many reject the highest doctrine of Christianity, Love, Self Sacrifice and even Tolerance are believed in to a much greater extent than ever before. Therefore, this higher world, when it comes face to face with the ancient world, wishes to know all about a world of superstition, of which present knowledge is at best hazy. But to search for knowledge is not "desecration." B.

visit theatres or dine out, but are just content to sit by the fireside and relate the happenings of the day.

She buys her own little luxuries, whilst he pays the rent, rates and taxes. Both are able to save a considerable amount, so that when they retire from business they can comfortably settle down. F. G. W. G.

FOOD AND NOISE.

DINING at a restaurant the other evening with a friend, we were confronted by an exceptionally large orchestra, composed of both brass and string instruments, which made such a noise that it was impossible to carry on a conversation without shouting.

As I sat through my dinner, obliged to listen to this noisy orchestra, I couldn't help thinking how like a country village band it was.

If we must have orchestras at all let them be small but good. The music should be soft and low, thus enabling one to talk if one wants to.

DINER OUT.

IN MY GARDEN.

FEB. 23.—During the next four weeks many interesting summer and autumn flowering bulbs may be planted. For massing on a sunny, well-drained border of light soil the montbretias are most valuable. There are many varieties.

Gladioli, poppy anemones, ranunculi, galtonia candicans (the Cape hyacinth) and most of the exquisite lilies may also be planted when the soil is in a dry enough condition. E. F. T.

GLOOMY FACES IN OUR BALLROOMS.

WHY MODERN DANCERS OFTEN LOOK TOO SERIOUS.

By E. B. OSBORN.

SEVERAL observers have lately commented on the joyless, almost tortured, looks of ballroom dancers.

And, having lately visited the Queen's Hall Roof, the Hammersmith Palais, and two or three well-known dancing clubs, I have come to the conclusion that it is a true bill—that a "dancing face" is being evolved which might be defined as a forbidding symbol of frozen anxiety.

No wonder the intelligent foreigner still thinks we take our pleasures sadly!

But what is the reason why two young people on a perfect floor at the end of a perfect day cannot light up a smile for one another?

Is it the outcome of a Puritanical false shame which has not been quite worked out of the national consciousness?

Lord Frederick Hamilton in his memoirs mentions an old Scottish employee of the Duchess of Abercorn who would permit himself a reel provided he put on a very dolof expression.

It was so also with the old Duke of Atholl, who would also on rare occasions indulge in dancing on condition that his dual dignity was preserved by a sad and solemn countenance. Thus a gloomy gaze led conscience to condone the unholy glee in the august dancer's legs.

And I have also seen a petty officer execute a hornpipe (being in the condition of "having drink taken") without moving a muscle of his schoolmaster's face.

As a matter of fact, the dour, anxious, conscience-stricken expression I have called the "dancing face" has always been a feature of British ballrooms.

LEARN IN CHILDHOOD!

It was seen, though not nearly so often as now, in the good old days when the valse and the polka were in fashion and swift, straightforward progression was the hall-mark of proficiency.

But the joyless look of the modern dancer is not the result of a revival of the middle-class conscience which no longer exists—except in the Labour Party.

It is due to the greater difficulty of the modern dances, which are sequences of graceful, intimate poses à deux.

Very few girls, unless they have had a training "at the barre" in ballet work, can execute this linked posing long drawn out without giving their whole attention to it all the time. Their tense, unhappy expression is a sign of mental effort—the last fault to be cured in the mastery of any act.

Actually it is about as hard for a ballroom dancer to look care-free and cheerful as it is for the budding ballerina. And Mme. Karsavina told a friend that it took her ten years to acquire her technique and five more to add a smile to it, so creating in the spectator's mind an illusion of effortless ease.

Only the little children who have been born, as it were, into the new dances, so difficult in spite of their apparent simplicity, will ever learn to execute them with delight.

In ten years, perhaps, when they have grown up, the "dancing face" will cease to infect us with the joylessness of the climbing moon's changeless visage.

It's a
pleasure
to drink
ENO'S
FRUIT SALT



DAVIS and Co. (Dept. 12), Pawnbrokers, 26, Denmark Hill, Camberwell Green, London, S.E. 5.



Mr. Roy Royston, hero of to-night's musical play, "The Countess from Nowhere," at the Princes Theatre.



Miss Ena Grossmith, daughter of Mr. George Grossmith, in "Quarantine" next week at the Alexandra Palace.

BROADCASTING.

Our Wireless Expert—True Story of Delcassé—"The Mystery Husband."

IN AMERICA the devotees of wireless are numbered in hundreds of thousands. One of the biggest broadcasting stations is at Brooklyn, and when this big station "speaks" over half a million "listen-in." Rodolph Valentino, the idol of the New York picture "fans," recently took them all into his confidence and told them what he thought of a picture trust whose arbitrary action had debarr'd him from appearing in any films for two years. He invited the "trust" to reply, but no wireless war materialised!

A Precedent?

If others follow the example of Valentino and air their grievances by wireless the attraction of the novelty will soon fade, though I do not say we should find it dull if, for instance, Marie Tempest told us what she really thinks of dramatic critics. Already "2 L.O." has on one occasion replied to newspaper criticism.

Noisefest Cities?

Professor Low, who is to be *The Daily Mirror* wireless expert, told us yesterday that he is very interested in the study of high speed motion, which is the important consideration in wireless communication. He has also made a number of experiments in sound. "Noise," he said, "kills people. I want to make the streets of a big city as quiet as the lanes of a country village."

Wireless Control.

During the war Dr. Low was in charge of experimental work in connection with the air force, his interest being to develop the possibilities of wireless control. Dr. Low is a member of many scientific bodies, ranging from the old Geographical Society to the new Radio Society.

Wireless in the Dressing-Room.

Miss Peggy O'Neil is probably the first of our leading actresses to instal wireless in her dressing-room. This volatile actress has also a gramophone to entertain her during her waits in "Plus Fours" at the Haymarket.

Listeners-In.

Other well-known stage people who are listeners-in include Miss José Collins, who has a receiving set in her flat at the Gaiety, and Mr. Davy Burnaby, who has fixed up a wireless apparatus on the top of the Prince of Wales' Theatre. He charges visitors the price of a glass of champagne apiece, and gives the money to charity.

Gorky Redivivus.

Maxim Gorky, who is at present undergoing treatment in a sanatorium on the outskirts of Berlin, hopes shortly to be well enough to launch a powerful new review of a non-political nature, devoted to the arts and sciences.

Famous Parson Athlete.

The Rev. A. C. B. Bellerby, the famous Cambridge athlete, is now games master at his old school, St. Lawrence's, Ramsgate, the smallest, in point of numbers, of our public schools. Mr. Bellerby, however, finds plenty of talent among the 300 boys. He has turned out eight hockey Blues, including both the Oxford and Cambridge captains this year.



Rev. A. C. B. Bellerby.

proached. He took part in the Olympic Games in London fifteen years ago, and went through the war with the Sixth Division.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General

The Prince in a Kilt.

When the Prince of Wales, in Highland dress, attended the dinner of the Royal Caledonian Society at the Hotel Victoria, he conversed with the tiniest girl from the Caledonian Schools. These children were present to do Scottish dances. H.R.H. said to the child, "Tell all your little friends that I shall come and see you at your school in the near future." The school, of which the Prince is vice-president, is at Bushey.

At Midnight.

Following the Caledonian dinner the Prince, after going home to York House to change his clothes, was a guest of the Hon. Richard Norton, who had invited a party to the "Midnight Rollies" entertainment at the Hotel Metropole. H.R.H. danced a good deal, and among his partners were Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lady Ancestre, Lady Brecknock and Mrs. Dudley Ward. The Duke of Sutherland was a member of the party.

Betty Lupton, of Harrogate.

Harrogate is holding an historical exhibition, and amongst the relics shown is the gown worn by Betty Lupton, known to lords and ladies of her day as the "Queen of the Waters," the stool on which she sat to ladle out the water at the fount of the old Sulphur Well, the ladle she used and the lantern she carried at night.

At the French Embassy.

The French Ambassador's charming wife, the Comtesse de Saint-Aulaire, has come back to Albert Gate after a visit to Paris. She has two daughters, Miles, Louise and Regine, who are typical of the nicest French girls. They both do their hair very simply, while they also favour quiet taste in dress.



Comtesse de St. Aulaire.

They speak English quite well, though their mother prefers to use her native language when possible.

Chapel House.

A dance hostess of the week was the Hon. Mrs. Douglas Vickers. She has a cosy home in Charles-street, Berkeley-square, which is called Chapel House, because it is built on the site of a chapel which stood there as recently as twenty years ago. It has a panelled ballroom.

Critic of "Home, Sweet Home."

"Home, Sweet Home," though generally admired, had one very severe critic in R. L. Stevenson. Stevenson detested the song. "I have no idea," he wrote, "whether musically this air is to be considered good or bad; but it belongs to that class of art which may best be described as a brutal assault upon the feelings."

Mispoint Energy.

Bishop Gore, who completed the twenty-first year of his episcopate yesterday, was once the subject of a caustic reference in a letter from Canon Liddon to a friend. "The Dean of — has been staying in Oxford," wrote Liddon. "Gore preached the Gospel to him, but without effecting any marked results."

Versatile Author.

Mr. A. J. Russell, author of *The Daily Mirror* new serial, "The Mystery Husband," which begins next Monday, has had an interesting and varied career. He has been behind the scenes in the operatic and concert world, and was chosen to be literary adviser to Mme. Tetrazzini in the writing of her biography, "My Life of Song." In "The Mystery Husband" he displays profound knowledge of the life and difficulties of an impresario.

Tribute to Great Artist.

Forain, the great French painter and illustrator, who has just been elected, at the age of seventy, to the Académie des Beaux Arts, in succession to the late Léon Bonnat, began his artistic career as a catalogue illustrator, earning on an average five francs a day. His genius soon placed him in the front rank of modern French caricaturists and justified his being described as "a Degas pushed on to caricature." Forain has never spared his contemporaries and has always taken a pleasure in unmasking hypocrisy in all its forms.

Delcassé's Eviction.

No paper which I have seen has told correctly the story of the circumstances in which M. Delcassé was, as is commonly said, driven from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs by Prince von Bülow. It has been denied by Princess von Bülow that he was so evicted. "We never asked for his head on a charger," she said. "It was offered to us."

Secret Telegram.

What actually happened became known through the deciphering at the French Foreign Office of a secret telegram sent to Prince von Bülow by Prince Radolin, then German Ambassador in Paris. The Ambassador spoke of a dinner at which he had entertained several members of the French Cabinet, and went on: "Ten minutes before the dinner I received a visit from a person in the confidence of M. Rouvier, who assured me that the French Prime Minister would be only too delighted to get rid of M. Delcassé."

Threat of War.

A few days afterwards the First Secretary of the German Embassy called on M. Rouvier, and openly said to him: "Germany does not wish any longer to negotiate with M. Delcassé"; and, after a further interval, two emissaries from Prince von Bülow brought this further message: "The German Government knows that M. Delcassé is negotiating an alliance with the British Government. If this alliance is concluded, Germany will at once declare war on France."

The Sacrifice.

That settled the matter. M. Rouvier sacrificed his Foreign Minister without making any difficulty. The story rests on the authority of M. Paléologue, subsequently French Ambassador at Petrograd, who was at that time holding a high post in the French Foreign Office.

From My Diary.

"I had no shoes, and I murmured till I met a man who had no feet."—Arab Saying.



Mrs. John Leder, formerly Miss "Peggy" Tennant, is prominent among London's younger hostesses.



Mr. Patrick Collins, M.P., the Walsall showman, who has presented a Bill in Parliament.

House for Lady Wodehouse.

Workmen are getting 48, Charles-street, Berkeley-square, ready for Lord and Lady Wodehouse, who have just bought it from Lady Burchclere. During their absence on the Riviera the front is being re-pointed and painted, and we shall find a good deal of Lady Wodehouse's taste in the interior decorations and furnishings. It is a very cheerfully-situated house, being but a few doors from the green trees of the square and of Lansdowne House.

For the Lyceum.

I hear that Miss Mary Merrall is to play the leading part in "The Orphans of the Storm" when that drama is produced at the Lyceum. The other principal part will be taken by Miss Colette O'Neill.

Shakespeare's Birthday.

"Measure for Measure," I hear, has been selected as the "birthday" play at Stratford-on-Avon this year. The annual festival is now under the direction of the governors of the Memorial Theatre, who have a grant from the committee of the London Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre—an imposing title which indicates merely the body which deals with the interest on the £70,000 which the first and only donor to the National Theatre fund generously subscribed.

The Six Stages.

In an American newspaper I notice that announcements are made in the following order: "Born, Engaged, Married, Anniversaries, Died and In Memoriam."

THE RAMBLER.

Beautiful Hair is a matter of Care



Hair beauty, as well as Hair Health, comes from your Brush, therefore be careful to buy and use only the **Mason Pearson Hair Brush**, for it has unique features that no other Brush possesses.

The fine flexible Wild Boar Bristles of which it is made penetrate through the thickest tangles and sweep through them smoothly and comfortably, without hurt either to the delicate Strands or to the Head. Their gentle friction massages the scalp, stimulates the Hair roots, and makes the Hair grow in Strength and Beauty.

Its unique flexible rubber pneumatic cushion gently moulds itself to the Head as you use it, and it is perfectly hygienic, for it is so easily cleaned and kept free from dust and scurf, by the special cleaner that is supplied with each carton.

Only the genuine Mason Pearson Brush has these features; make sure you see the name stamped on the handle, for substitutes are often pressed upon you.—Made in four grades: "Junior," 7/6, with cleaner, 8/6; "Popular," at 10/6; "Sia dora," at 15/-; "Extra," at 18/- (Cleaner included with each of these) in a carton, with full instructions. Also in a Military, at 10/6, 15/- and 18/6 each.

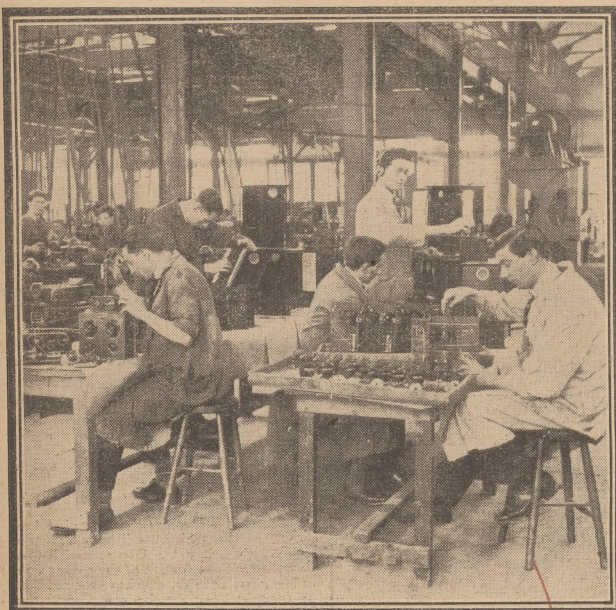
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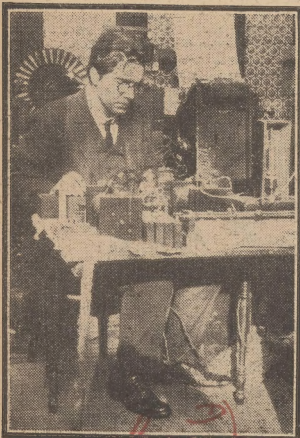
Of Boats, Harbours, Barbours, Selfridges, Army & Navy Stores, Timothy White's, and all high-class Hairdressers, Stores & Chemists, or direct (post free) from

Mason Pearson Selling Agency, 61, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

THE BIG BOOM IN WIRELESS



Assembling wireless sets at the works of the General Electric Company at Wembley to help the works at Coventry keep pace with the demand.



Professor A. M. Low in his laboratory at Chiswick testing a set for use over short distances.



Aerial equipment ready for dispatch from the works at Wembley. A hundred sets a day are turned out.



Professor Low with a motor-car equipped with a receiving apparatus that was fitted by him long before the use of such a system became popular.

One of the most notable effects of the amazing boom in wireless has been the great demand for receiving sets and accessories. The bulk of these are of British manufacture.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

NEW PRESIDENT



M. Gaston Doumergue, who has been elected President of the French Senate. For a short time at the end of 1913 he was Premier and Foreign Minister.

£6,300 HORSE K



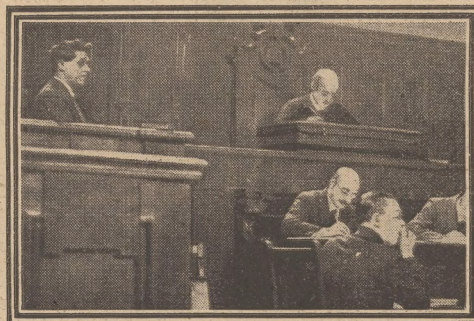
The winner, North Waltham (No. 5, Rees up), in the lead, lengths ahead of Cruiser Arc.



The Hon. J. G. Jenkins, a former Premier of South Australia, who has died, aged seventy-one.



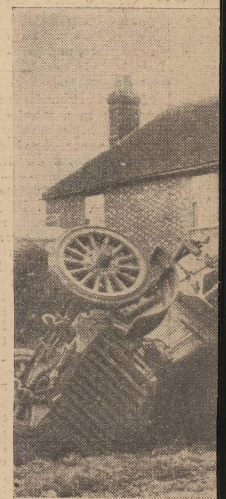
Mr. Geoffrey Gilbey's horse, 'obstacle' in the St. James' H., as a yearling for 6,000 guineas destroyed.—(A)



PERJURY CHARGE FAILS.—Sidney Legge (left) was found not guilty at Staffordshire Assizes yesterday on charges of alleged perjury arising out of proceedings by Miss Amy Temperest, who is concerned in the Shufflebotham divorce case.



NOMINATIONS AT EAST WILLESDEN.—Colonel Stanley (left), the Conservative candidate in the by-election at East Willesden, handing in his nomination at the town hall yesterday.



LORRY "TURNED TURTLE."—A lorry overturned near Whitstable after a crash of 100 feet into a garden. The

ED AT KEMPTON



James' Hurdle. An odds-on favourite, he finished six furlongs securing the third place.

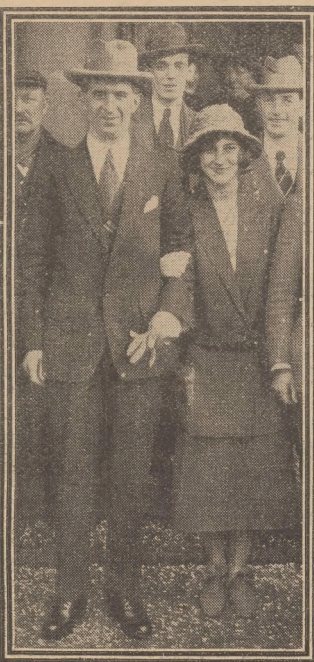


(to up) falling through the last at Kempton yesterday. Bought se was injured and had to be photographs.)



for-lorry which completely cap- ough a hedge and falling ten to his seat and was unhurt.

SINGER WEDS



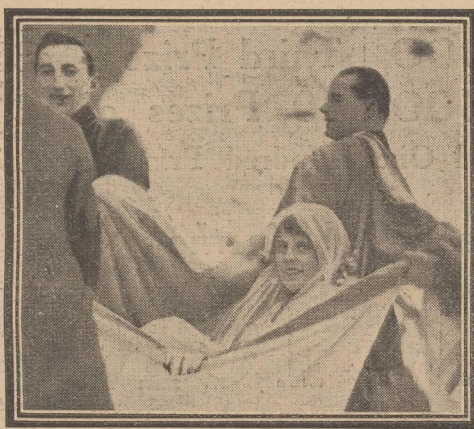
Miss Sheila Milford, late of the Carl Rosa Opera Company, with her bridegroom, Mr. McNulty, after their wedding at Berkeley-road Chapel, Dublin.



Maharajah Rana of Jhalawar, a Rajput Prince, who is seriously ill at the Hotel Rubens, London.



DRAMATIC STUDENTS' PLAY.—Prunella (Miss Hilda Case) kisses Pierrot (Mr. Patrick Gover). A scene from the performance given by students of the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art. —(Daily Mirror photograph.)



A SNOWSTORM WEDDING.—Mrs. Reeves, daughter of the stationmaster at Kirklington, Nottinghamshire, being carried through the snowdrift caused by a blizzard after her wedding.

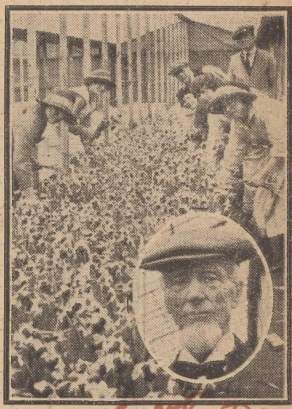
DUKE AT BIRMINGHAM FAIR



The Lady Mayoress of Birmingham smilingly acknowledges the Duke of York's appreciation of the splendid examples of workmanship and artistic skill displayed at the British Industries Fair at Castle Bromwich.



McTigue (right) out on the river front with Brennan, who is assisting him in his training at Maidenhead. He leaves for Dublin to-morrow.



HONOURED FOR GARDENING.—One of the daffodil houses of Mr. Joseph Lowe (inset), of Uxbridge, who has been awarded the Victorian Medal for his services to horticulture.



McTIGUE-SIKI MATCH.—Mike McTigue, who is to meet Battling Siki in a boxing contest in Dublin on March 17, trying his hand at wood chopping before the critical gaze of Charlie Brennan.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

One Shilling Can Bring You A FORTUNE!

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| A—Way Down East. | K—A Yankee at the Court of King Arthur |
| B—Over the Hill. | L—Through the Back Door. |
| C—The Old Nest. | M—Rob Roy. |
| D—Pay Day. | N—Smilin' Through. |
| E—The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse | O—The Molly Coddle. |
| F—Orphans of the Storm. | P—The Kid. |
| G—My Boy. | Q—Nanook of the North. |
| H—Queen of Sheba. | R—A Bill of Divorcement. |
| I—Squibs Wins the Calcutta Sweep. | S—The Great Day. |
| J—Peacock Alley. | T—A Sailor-Made Man. |

First Prize - £3,000 | Third Prize - £500
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Twenty Prizes of £25, and One Hundred Prizes of £5 each

Voting Coupons Appear Only in the

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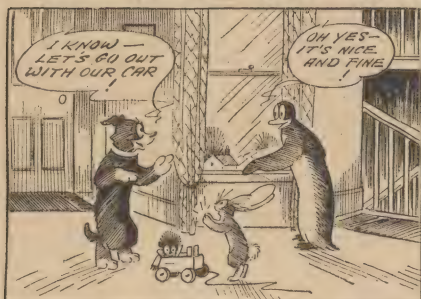
BUY SOME SHILLING POSTAL ORDERS
TO-DAY AND ENTER TO-MORROW

PIP AND SQUEAK

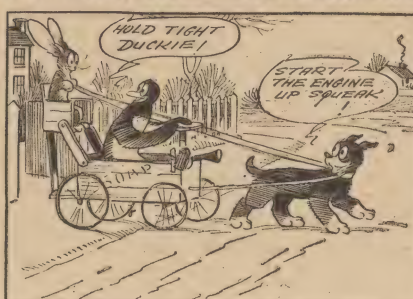
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1923

THE ADVENTURES OF PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

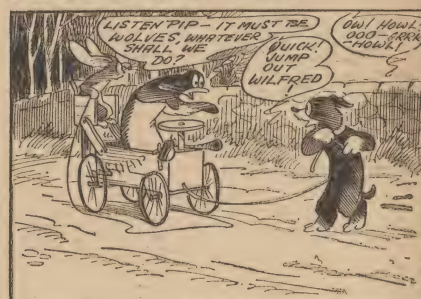
No. 72.—“A HUNTING WE WILL GO!” SQUEAK GIVES THE FOX A “LIFT.”



1. It was a fine sunny morning yesterday so the pets decided to go out with their new "car."



2. Pip, of course, was the "engine" for the car, little Wilfred was the "chauffeur."



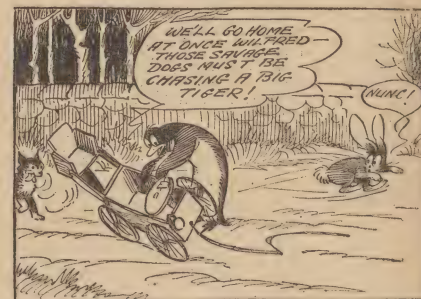
3. Just by the edge of a wood the pets heard a sound like wolves rushing towards them.



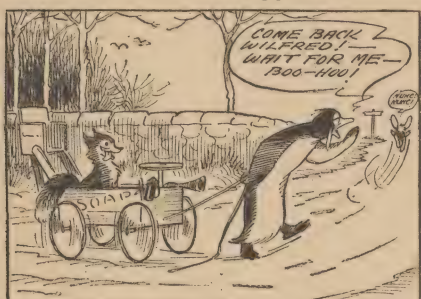
4. Squeak and Wilfred were terrified when a pack of fox-hounds went tearing past them.



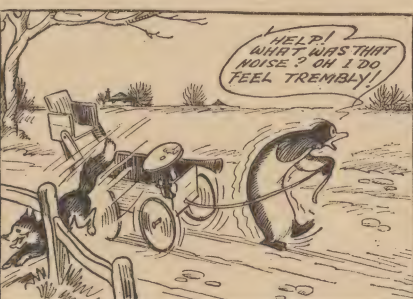
5. "I must join in the chase!" cried Pip, rushing off. "I'll be back in a minute."



6. "Oh, let's go home Wilfred," said Squeak. "I'm so frightened." Just then—



7. —the fox himself came up and, unknown to Squeak, jumped in the "car." Wilfred tore away.



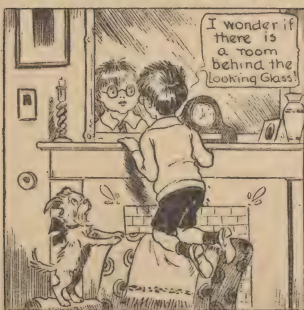
8. After a while Mr. Fox thought it safest to make for home. Squeak heard something move—



9. —and raced home terrified. She will never know that she gave the "tiger" a lift!

"I-WONDER-WHY" HERBERT: No. 2.

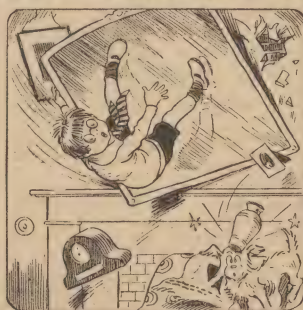
Herbert, as you may guess by his name, is always trying to find out "whys" and "whats." This week he tries to find a room behind the looking-glass!



1. "I wonder what's behind the looking-glass!" said Herbert, inquisitively.



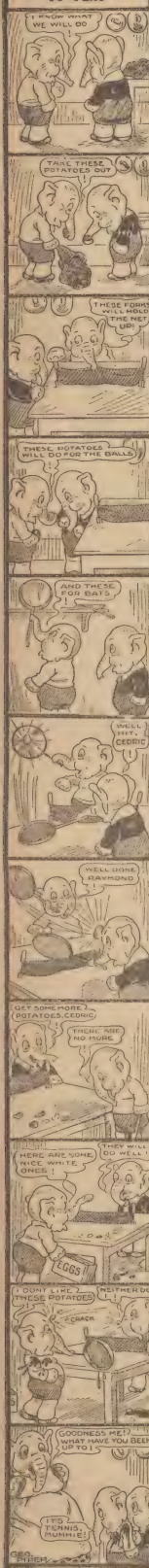
2. So he jumped up to the mantelpiece and had a good look behind it.



3. Down came the glass—and down came Herbert with it! Crash!



4. After that, Herbert's father had a "word" or two with him!

IT IS NOT WISE
TO PLAY"WIRELESS" PRIZES.
"Listen-in" to this
Splendid Competition.

I AM giving you a most novel and interesting competition this week, which I am sure will make a great appeal to all my nephews and nieces. Every one of you, of course, has heard of "Wireless," by means of which concerts, speeches, etc., are "broadcast" all over the country.

Many thousands of people now have wireless sets in their own homes—hundreds of youngsters have, in fact, made their own sets—and every night they can "listen-in" and hear the most famous singers and the finest music.

In this competition all I want you to do is to write a very short letter—fifty words will be quite enough—on the subject, "Why I Like Wireless." You can write your opinion on the back of a postcard if you like.

For the most interesting letters sent to me I am offering some splendid prizes. They are as follows:—

First Prize £5 0 0

Second Prize 2 0 0

Third Prize 1 1 0

Twenty Prizes of Splendid Books.

In your letter tell me just why you like "Wireless."

Write neatly and clearly, and send your entry, with your name, age and address, to Uncle Dick (Wireless), "Pip and Squeak," care of *The Daily Mirror*, 25, Boulevard, London, E.C. 4. All entries should reach this office before March 3. Only children under sixteen years of age are eligible for this competition.

What kind of cape does a prisoner like?—Es-cape.
Who sits before the King with his hat on?—The coachman.
Why is twice eleven like twice ten?—Because twice ten is twenty, and twice eleven is twenty-two (twenty, too).



Daily Mirror Office, Saturday, Feb. 24, 1923.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

It has been a most interesting and eventful week. Our chief excitement, of course, was the little message I sent by "wireless" from the Marconi office on Wednesday last. Since that time "listeners-in" living in almost every part of the country—including Ayrshire, Scotland—have written to me saying that they clearly heard every word I said.

I want you all to enter for the splendid "Wireless" Competition announced in the next column. Try and win that Five Pounds—you have just as much chance as any other boy or girl.

A good many of you, no doubt, have many questions to ask about "wireless"—how to fix up aerials, the cheapest way to make a receiving set, etc., etc. Write to me, marking your envelope "Wireless Questions," and I will do my best to answer them.

PRIMROSES, PRIMROSES EVERYWHERE!

I never knew so many primroses had already bloomed this bleak, chilly month! One day this week I asked whether any of you had seen any primroses, and that, if you had, I would give a prize for the first blossoms sent along to my office. Well, this morning, Henry, our boy, came staggering in with an enormous sack. "What on earth is that?" I asked. "Primroses, sir," he said. And they were—boxes of all shapes and sizes, from every part of England, filled with sweet-smelling blooms!

One side of my office is like a woodland bank in early spring. All that one needs to complete the picture are a few bees buzzing about collecting the honey! Thank you, thank you, everybody, for being so kind.

Your affectionate
Uncle Dick.

ADVENTURES OF HELPFUL HORACE:

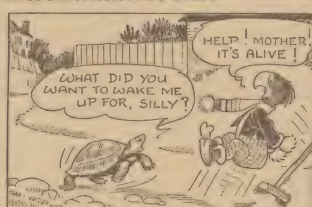


1. Horace is as "helpful" as ever, in spite of his many rebuffs and snubs.



2. Yesterday he decided to sweep some stones off the road and unfortunately—

Our little parrot "upse's" a fierce old tortoise this week!



3.—"upset" a tortoise, who told Horace what he thought of him!

START THIS FINE SERIAL TO-DAY



By RICHARD BARNES.

FOR NEW READERS.

Derek Worlock becomes stranded alone in England, but obtains a post as an office boy. After various adventures, his employer tells him that he wants his help.

DEREK'S GREAT CHANCE.

DEREK looked at Mr. Warren in surprise. "You want me?" he asked, as though still doubtful.

Mr. Warren smiled. "Yes; I think perhaps you can help me. I've decided that I can trust you, and I'm going to give you your chance." Derek's eyes lit up with excitement. "Oh, thank you, sir," he began, but the man cut him short.

"I shouldn't do that just yet," he said. "Perhaps, when you know what I propose, you'll want to back out."

The boy shook his head vigorously. "Just you try me, sir," he said, eagerly.

"Very well. And now listen to me carefully while I explain matters. I need not warn you to keep quiet as to what I'm going to tell you. No one else in the office knows anything at all about it."

Derek beamed delightedly. He felt very proud that he had been chosen in preference to any of the others.

"To begin with," said Mr. Warren, "a wonderful cave has been found in the Island of Railway. No one knows what the cave contains, but from reports I have received I believe there may be a very valuable treasure hidden there."

"Oh!" Derek's eyes grew wide with wonder. "Of course, I may be quite wrong," went on the man. "As you may know, the business of this firm concerns foreign discoveries of every

nature. If we can only get hold of this cave we may win a fortune."

"Well, sir, can't we?"

"That's just what I'm coming to. Unfortunately, two other firms have got to know of this cave, and, naturally, they're just as anxious to get hold of it as we are."

"By the laws of the island, the first man who stakes his claim outside the cave will be allowed to take anything that it contains. At the moment the cave is in the hands of a couple of sailors, who were stranded on the island some years ago, and have lived there ever since."

"But why don't they claim the treasure, sir?" asked Derek.

"Because it's no use to them. They are per-



"I'll do my best, sir," said Derek. "If you do, you may find yourself a millionaire," replied Mr. Warren.

fectly content to live the rest of their lives at Railway, and treasure isn't much use on a lonely island, you know."

"And so you're going to send someone to claim it?"

Derek looked at the boy closely. "Yes," he said at last. "I'm going to send you."

"What!" In his amazement Derek could say nothing else.

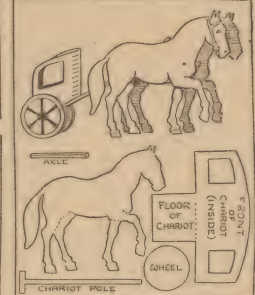
"I thought you'd be surprised. But don't think that I'm mad. I've a very good reason for my decision. If I send any of the men they'll be recognised, and the firms competing against us will try to stop them,

TUT'S CHARIOT.
How to Make It Out
of Cardboard.

WOULD you like to make a splendid toy model of Tut-ankh Amen's chariot? It is quite easy—much easier, in fact, than you might imagine from the picture.

Of course, I don't expect you to draw the gallant chargers who are pulling the chariot along. Either trace them from some pictures of horses in a paper or magazine, or, if you like, cut them out.

To make the chariot you need a small piece of cardboard, which you



How to make the chariot.

band in the way you see indicated in the diagram. The chariot pole is also cardboard, stuck on with gum.

Two wheels can be cut out by placing a thumb on a piece of cardboard, and the wheels can be joined by a match-stick, on which the chariot is placed. The horses are also fastened together by a match-stick, and Tut-ankh Amen's chariot is complete.

TWO NAUGHTY
TRUANT FISHES

HAVE A MERRY
"SEA-HOLIDAY."

UNDER FALSE PRETENCES

By HENRY ST. JOHN COOPER



Robin Marchant.

"YOU DO LOVE ME?"

FOR long moments—never to be forgotten moments—Alaine lay passive in his arms, her heart beating against his, his kisses on her lips, and then came revulsion, realisation. This man of her heart and her father had fought; tragedy had taken place. She drew herself from him. "My father?"

"As well, and safe in the hands of good friends, who will help him, darling!"

"But just now he and you—oh! Smith, what has happened?"

"That man doesn't happen to be your father. The man you have called father for years is nothing to you. Oh! Alaine, my dear, it has been a game of false pretences all the way through. It seems we have all conspired against you, darling. Alaine, won't you come back to my arms?"

But she hesitated. "You say he is not my father!"

"Your father has been greatly wronged. The man you have called father, who took his place, is a man named Collinor—a thourder and a villain—who robbed your father and, I believe, tried to kill him."

"He did not succeed, however, and I happened to find out things. To-night your father was taken away by Mr. Walpole, your own family solicitor, Reeve, my solicitor, and Sir Rodney Simpson, the best brain specialist in London."

"He—he is not my father?" she repeated, vaguely.

"Collinor is certainly not your father!"

She drew a deep sigh. "And you?"

"Well, I'm not—Smith."

"Will you tell me who you are?" Her outstretched hands sought for him and found him in the darkness.

"I will on one condition. Will you tell me if you love me?"

Then she was in his arms again, and he could see the white glimmer of her lifted face.

"Tell me," he insisted, as he bent his head to her.

"I—I think—" she said, and then was silent, for she could not lie. "I know I love you!"

"The ragged man of the ditch, beloved?"

"I don't care—I don't care! You are the only man!"

"And you do love me?"

"Yes!"

Smith had, as usual, taken charge.

"Bessie, will you go with Miss Alaine to her own room and stay there for a moment? We shan't want the car, Purvis, after all, which is just as well, as I think Miss Nina Rawley is using it."

"He's in pretty bad shape, this Collinor chap," said Purvis. "He ought to have been killed, falling that distance, but he isn't. It's a jigger!"

Smith and Purvis lifted him, and between them they carried him to a bed. Not to the one he had occupied in the house since his coming to Oldstone, but to a bed in a very minor apartment.

"You'd better go for the doctor, Purvis. Knock him up and make him come back with you. To save trouble, explain that Sir Geoffrey Farrell has met with an accident by falling downstairs."

"What about the other fellow?" said Purvis. "I'll look after him, but I can't do anything for this chap till the doctor comes."

Purvis departed, and Smith went upstairs. He lifted the limp and sagging Rawley, carried him down the stairs, dashed water in his face and closed down on him while Rawley slowly opened dazed eyes and stared up into Smith's face.

"You're a very low kind of hound, aren't you, Dunham?"

Rawley started.

"Oh, yes, says knew you for Dunham, the blackmailer. I suggested to your sister that she should clear out before it was too late, and she accepted the hint."

Rawley said nothing.

"Now, what do you want with you?" Smith ruminated. "I don't know. I suppose I ought to hand you over to the police and explain what I know about you, but I don't want to drag that fool Ferrers into the matter. You see, he is married to a pretty little wife who is worth ten of him, and I don't want her to suffer."

Still Rawley did not reply.

"That two thousand you got out of Ferrers, I paid. I don't begrudge that. It isn't that that has got on my nerves; it is the thought that you have insulted someone whose name I am not going to utter for you to hear. Get up!"

Rawley rose, slowly and painfully.

"Oh, you can stand, eh?" He looked at him thoughtfully. "I'd like to see you get ten or fifteen years. In a way I am sorry for that sister of yours. I dare say she is as bad as you, perhaps worse, but she is a woman."

"I've let her go, and I'm afraid I shall have to let you go, too. But get out of my sight at once. Your car's in the garage; take it and make yourself scarce."

Rawley cleared out without a word.

Smith went back to the other room where the injured man lay. He stood staring down on the coarse, heavy face.

"I don't like you or trust you, Collinor. I

didn't from the start," he muttered. "There was something about you that did not seem to fit into the picture somehow. I could forgive anything else but posing as her father—ugh!"

"Here's the doctor," said Purvis, entering the room.

The doctor followed him, looking anxious. "A terrible occurrence," he said. "I understand Sir Geoffrey fell while leaning against some banisters."

"That's right," said Smith. "I'll leave you to look after him. Purvis will stand by. By the way, have you the right time on you?"

The doctor stared at this shabby, imperturbable young man.

"The right time," he said distantly, "is a quarter to three."

Smith went out and the doctor looked at Purvis.

"And who," he asked, "is that exceedingly objectionable young man?"

Purvis scratched his head slowly and thoughtfully.

"Blowed," he said, "if I rightly know. It's all a hicker to me."

"London?" asked Alaine, and she looked up at Smith. "You mean I am going to London to-night?"

He nodded. "It isn't to-night, it's to-morrow. It's just on three. We can take things quietly, and get to town about six. The moon's up, and it's a lovely night."

"Where are you going to take me?" she asked.

"I thought of taking you to Reeve's house; his wife'll see you're all right. He will tell us what has been done about your father, and then you will be taken on to him, wherever he may be. But it's a lovely night—just such a night as I have dreamed about."

"I don't see what that has to do with it," she said, softly, yet her cheeks belied her by the flush that was in them.

"I'll try to explain as we go along," he said. "Meanwhile, go and get ready. By the way, since Mr. Collinor was so free with your father's belongings, do you think it would be

infra dig if I borrowed some of his things? The fact is, I am getting rather tired of this paper-and-salt suit, and it is getting equally tired of me. It evidently means to part from me soon."

"Bessie will show you his room," Alaine said. "And I will get ready."

"And if, when Bessie has shown me the wardrobe I am going to despoil, she could manage to get us a cup of tea?"

"Aye, that I will. I wish grandmother was here, she makes better tea than I do, Smith."

Alaine frowned.

"Mr.," she began.

"Not at all," he put in, quickly. "Smith it started, Smith let it end. I've got used to the name, and I like it. Robin Marchant is—"

"Are you Robin Marchant?"

He nodded. "But I prefer to remain Smith, Alaine."

"I think," she said, quietly, "I think that in my mind, you—always will."

Bessie moved discreetly to the door. She was a woman, and therefore she understood. They did not want her at this moment.

"Beloved, you will never forget what you told me?" he said.

"What was that?"

"That you—love me, even though I am Smith."

"Perhaps," she said softly, "because you are Smith."

And now in the light he held her and looked down into her face. No laughiness there now, no proud scorn, no flashing eyes.

Instead her eyes were filled with misty tenderness, her mouth smiled at him divinely, her cheeks were flushed like the wild rose. Meanwhile Bessie stood on the landing, wondering how long Smith was going to be.

Under the bright moon, along the silent road, went the car. It was a glorious night, and Smith did not hurry. Alaine sat beside him and her head rested against his shoulder. She had told him what there was to tell, how

Rawley had insulted her, how she had turned to her father demanding protection from the man's importunities, how her father had cursed her and told her not to be a fool, but to accept Rawley.

She had risen, telling him that she would leave the place and never return, and then—It was Nina Rawley who had first laid hands on her, and the others had quickly followed. They had carried her up the stairs to the room at the top of the house.

"But I don't want to think of it. I don't want to remember it."

"No, darling, think of something more pleasant. That, of course, is the best."

"Yes," she said, "you—you are very pleasant to think about."

They dangled on through the night, taking their time. It was a ride to remember. How often did they stop; how often did he forgo the steering wheel and put his arms about her and hold her tightly, neither she nor he knew, yet certainly it was not once too often.

They saw the sun rise in a pink and primrose sky, heard the birds awaken to the new day—a day filled with possibilities, a day that would herald many days of great happiness.

"FATHER! FATHER!"

AND then London! Gone the sweet-smelling country road, gone the song of the birds, gone the beauty of the country.

Wide-eyed, Mr. Reeve stared at them from the doorway of his pleasant suburban house; and then introduced his wife, a comely little body, anxious to be hospitable.

They must come in, of course. Breakfast would be hurried along at once. Miss Farrell would like to wash and do her hair?

"Tell me," asked Smith, when the ladies had gone, "where is Sir Geoffrey Farrell?"

"Simpson would not let me bring him here. It is a clear case, he says, and a simple operation will put him right. But, of course, the consent of the family will be required."

"Alaine will give it. I'll take her to Simpson presently, then they can settle everything. Meanwhile, I want you to get through to Walpole. Tell him that Alaine is all right. By the way, old man—"

"Certainly," said Reeve. "I'll ask my wife to get a room ready for her."

"That's what I mean. The poor child can't go back to Oldstone till she goes back with her father, and that won't be until that other fellow is cleared out."

"What's going to happen to him?"

Smith shrugged his shoulders. "That's not my business. I've helped to smash him, though

I think most of the credit is due to Purvis. Alaine, her father and Walpole will have to settle Collinor's future between them."

It was ten o'clock when the Oldstone car pulled up before the rambling door of Sir Rodney Simpson. Smith, clad in clothes of his own, assisted Alaine, white, anxious and nervous, to alight.

"It's all right, darling. You have only to see him and all the strangeness will pass away. You will know him the instant you see him, just as I did."

They were expected, for Reeve had rung up from his house, warning Simpson of their coming, and here was the specialist ready to greet them. He shook hands with Alaine and looked at her steadily.

"Remember," he said, "there's nothing to feel alarm about. Even if it is to himself, his memory might easily return in the course of time. But a very simple operation will put him in complete possession of his faculties at once."

"He is waiting in the other room at the back there. Take her in, Robin, and then both of you come back to me, and we'll talk it over and make final arrangements."

Farrell was sitting just as Smith had so often seen him, in a deep armchair, his hands resting on the arms, his eyes fixed into vacancy, his fine head bent forward; yet, as the door opened and they came in, he looked up slowly.

And so across the room they looked at one another, and then, with a little cry, the girl ran to him and fell on her knees beside him.

"Father!" she cried. "Father!"

He did not answer, but lifted a thin hand and slowly stroked her golden hair.

She put her arms about him, and drew his face down to hers. She laid her cheek beside his, and then she turned to look at the man standing there by the door, the man who was about to withdraw, leaving them together.

"Don't go," she said. "Smith! don't go! And, oh! Smith! We will let him go! We will let him go! We will let him go!"

I thought that was what you would finish up by doing," he said.

He paused, looking at them both, golden hair and silver mingling.

"Yes," she repeated, "let him go. Let everything in the world go except love, Robin."

Which was the first and almost the last time Alaine ever called him by the name his godparents had selected for him.

To be concluded on Monday, when the opening chapters of "The Mystery Husband," a striking new serial, by A. J. Russell, will appear.

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Carpen-tier's men seem to be receding further and further into the distance. It is now stated that Carpen-tier suggests that the French Scientific Laboratories should get 100,000 francs and that the rest of the receipts, which, it is expected, will be exceptionally large, should go to the boxers. The original arrangement was that five per cent. of the gate money should go to the boxers and the re-

THE FLANDERS POPPY

A Packet Free with every order

THE Lovely Flanders Poppy (practically identical with our English Corn Poppy) is itself, though growing wild, a beautiful flower. It has been much improved by selection and culture by American gardeners who took seed home from Flanders. It is not surprising that a delightful flower should be so produced when we remember that the glorious SHIRLEY POPPIES came from the same source. The English Corn Poppy was the ancestor of the SHIRLEYS. The Improved Flanders Poppy is glorious crimson scarlet, with a dark boss in the centre, from which radiates a pure white Maltese cross. The pollen-bearing anthers form an aureole of gold about the cross, and the petals have a crumpled tissue paper effect, characteristic of poppies. An absolutely hardy annual, it flourishes on all soils and in every part of the United Kingdom. A flower for every garden.



RYDER & SON have just received a small parcel of seed from America. A packet of 100 seeds with full instructions for sowing will be sent gratis in every order, small or great, sent out from Ryders warehouse during the rest of this season.

ALL WHO HAVE RECEIVED RYDER'S CATALOGUE are urged to order their seeds at once without a moment's delay. With the goods will be sent gratis a packet of Flanders Poppy. Some of the rare and novel seeds may soon be sold out. The packet of Flanders Poppy cannot be supplied separately and will only be supplied to those who send an order, as the stock is limited.

A SPECIAL LIST of Ryders most famous novelties will be sent to all who fill in the coupon below.

INSTRUCTIONS. Write your name and address very plainly on the coupon. Write nothing else on it at all. Put the coupon in an envelope, turn in the flap, don't stick it down. Place it, stamp on the envelope. Direct and post it to Ryders & Son, and you will receive the list of seeds post free by return.

RYDER & SON (1920) Limited, Seedsmen, ST. ALBANS

Please send List of Seeds post free to

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

No other enclosure must be placed in the envelope and nothing written on the coupon but the name and address. *Daily Mirror*

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

Rate, 2s. 6d. per line; minimum, 2 lines.
A. ABSOLUTELY FINE. Dental Appliances, Artificial Teeth, write and I will send free an addressed box to forward teeth, on receipt of same I will make a good cash offer. If price not entirely satisfactory goods will be returned immediately, post paid, and no question of any where; established 1873—E. Lewis (Desk 58), 24, Warwick St., Regent-st., London, W.1; (also 29, London-st., Southport, Lancs.)
ARTIFICIAL Teeth—Wonderful Discovery! prevents slipping, all instructions. "Traveller" post free 1s. 10d. Thousands of testimonials—Kendalls' Laboratories (D.M.), 65, Nelson-st., N.W.
METALS. All kinds of Silver and Gold, 24 carat, 18 carat, 14 carat, 12 carat, 10 carat, 8 carat, 6 carat, 4 carat, 2 carat, 1 carat, 1/2 carat, 1/4 carat, 1/8 carat, 1/16 carat, 1/32 carat, 1/64 carat, 1/128 carat, 1/256 carat, 1/512 carat, 1/1024 carat, 1/2048 carat, 1/4096 carat, 1/8192 carat, 1/16384 carat, 1/32768 carat, 1/65536 carat, 1/131072 carat, 1/262144 carat, 1/524288 carat, 1/1048576 carat, 1/2097152 carat, 1/4194304 carat, 1/8388608 carat, 1/16777216 carat, 1/33554432 carat, 1/67108864 carat, 1/134217728 carat, 1/268435456 carat, 1/536870912 carat, 1/1073741824 carat, 1/2147483648 carat, 1/4294967296 carat, 1/8589934592 carat, 1/17179869184 carat, 1/34359738368 carat, 1/68719476736 carat, 1/137438953472 carat, 1/274877906944 carat, 1/549755813888 carat, 1/1099511627776 carat, 1/2199023255552 carat, 1/4398046511104 carat, 1/8796093022208 carat, 1/17592186044416 carat, 1/35184372088832 carat, 1/70368744177664 carat, 1/140737488355328 carat, 1/281474976710656 carat, 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